

## Social and Personal

The yachting girl may keep in style,  
The hunting maid have killing ways,  
The golf girl may play for the long green,  
The bathing miss by sea be seen,  
The dancing maid float like a dove,  
But the tennis girl is the girl I "love."

## Right in Training.

"I'll climb the highest peaks," she said,  
"With alpenstock in hand;  
I'll leap the darkest gorges, too,  
And scale the summits grand."

Quoth he, "But have you trained for such  
A strenuous summer feat?"  
"Certes," said she, "I've lived four years  
On Forty-second Street!"

## Oh, the Difference.

Hammock most inviting,  
Madge so sleepy, too;  
Bit of Frenchy writing,  
Love notes, entre nous,  
O, for no one but a drummer  
Swinging 'neath the trees!  
Fragrant as a flower,  
Charming as you please.

Sudden call to lunch. Oh!  
Sudden writhings strange;  
Gown all in a bunch—oh,  
Swinging 'neath the trees!  
Temper up, hair snarling,  
Bumping on the seds;  
Like love, a clench to fall in,  
But out again, ye gods!

## Spice of Life.

In courtship this is ever true,  
For no one but a drummer  
Would have the nerve to shun up to  
The girl he loved last summer.

Society, in so far as Richmond is concerned, is out of town. The midsummer days have brought around the usual exodus and Franklin and Grace Streets begin to look somewhat deserted.

The stay-at-home contingent, arranged in comfortable white frocks, is seen on the piazza in the evening, out of door living after sundown being once again in vogue.

Street car parties, with a promenade on the board-walk at the Norfolk and a peep into the gay little Casino there, are popular forms of diversion greatly enjoyed by the young people.

Life is very gay indeed at the Virginia seaside resorts, Virginia and Buckle Beach, Ocean View, Willoughby Beach, Cape Charles and Old Point all having their full quota of guests. In the mountains, the reason has fully opened at the Greenbrier White Sulphur, the Old Sweet Springs, the Virginia Hot Springs, the Warm, the Rockbridge Alum, the Cold Sulphur, the Alleghany, the Blue Ridge, the Branson, the Jefferson Park and other equally well liked resorts.

Gold links and tennis courts are dotted over with pretty girls, and their beaux, who are indulging in pastime and flirtation with equal dexterity. Mountain walks and drives are with gay laughter and with the presence of spirit, and the rhythmic sound of the contra dance keep time with the graceful tapping of the dancers' feet, amid the brilliant lights of the ballroom.

## Norfolk and the Beach.

Social life in Norfolk and its vicinity has just now a strong Richmond infusion, the Richmond girls who are Norfolk guests having apparently the most charming possible time.

Miss Sophie White, with Miss Katharine Newbill, of Norfolk; Mr. Godwin Boykin, of Richmond, and Mr. Walker, of Woodberry Forest, was a Fourth of July guest at the Page cottage, Virginia Beach. Miss White is now visiting Miss Salley, at Newport News.

Mrs. Fannie Thaw Grymes and Miss Kate Grymes were among the guests entertained last week by Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Harris, at the Norfolk Country Club. Miss Gertrude Camm attended a delightful supper given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hughes, at the Richmond Club, in honor of Mrs. Robert M. Hughes, Jr.

Other Richmond people entertained last week included Misses Ruth and Dorothy Hart, Mr. Walker, Mr. Mumford and Mr. Stewart.

The list of Richmond guests in Norfolk and at the Beach takes in Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott, Mrs. J. B. Meade, Miss Charlotte Meade, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Daniel, Miss Mary Beth, Miss Myra Barraud, Mrs. James B. Cannon, Miss Mary Rogers and Mr. Robert Daniel. Among those who have returned to Richmond from the Beach are Mr. and Mrs. W. S. P. Mayo and Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Graves.

Miss Katherine Copeland and Mr. and Mrs. W. Gordon McCabe have returned from visits to Norfolk, friends.

Miss Mary Tredwell, of Norfolk, who has been the guest of friends in Richmond, has returned home. Miss Frances Burns is visiting Mrs. Langhorne Putney.

In Honor of Miss Lynham.

A delightful party was given in honor of Miss Mary Lynham, of Richmond, Friday afternoon at 8 o'clock. Those present were Misses Beale, Bragdon, Mary Lynham, Louise Thomas, Florence and Ada Foster, Elsie Bragdon, Messrs. Frank Whitehouse, Robbie Thomas,

## POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 202.

## RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

By MISS MITFORD.

Mary Russell Mitford was born in Hampshire, England, Dec. 18, 1795, and died Jan. 16, 1855. Her father was a spendthrift who squandered \$300,000 which she drew in a lottery when she was ten years old. He also spent his wife's fortune and most of his daughter's earnings. Her tragedy of "Rienzi" has for the hero the famous Italian patriot who headed a revolution, became tribune, and was assassinated in 1327.



## FRIENDS!

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well  
The story of our thralldom—we are slaves;  
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam  
Falls on a slave!—not such as, swept along  
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads  
To crimson glory, and undying fame!  
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde  
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,  
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,  
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great

In that strange spell, a name! Each hour, dark fraud,  
Or open rapine, or protected murder,  
Cries out against them. But this very day,  
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—  
Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore  
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,  
He tossed not high his ready eye in air.

Nor lifted up his voice in servile shame,  
At sight of that great ruffian! Be, we men,  
And suffer such dishonor? Men and wash not  
The stains away in blood? Such shames are common,  
I have known deeper wounds. I that speak to ye,  
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,  
Full of all gentleness, of calmest spirit,  
Of sweet and quiet joy, there was the look  
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give  
To the beloved disciple. How I loved  
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,  
Brother at once and son! He left my side,  
Fearing his innocent lips, a smile  
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile  
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw  
The corpse, the mangled corpse, and then I cried  
For vengeance! Rome, ye Romans! rouse ye, slaves!  
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next few hours,  
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look  
To see them live, torn from your arms, dishonored,  
Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,  
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,  
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne  
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!  
Why, in that older day, to be a Roman  
Was greater than a king—and once again—  
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear  
The Eternal city shall be free! her sons  
Shall walk with princes!

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The stains away in blood? Such shames are common,  
I have known deeper wounds. I that speak to ye,  
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,  
Full of all gentleness, of calmest spirit,  
Of sweet and quiet joy, there was the look  
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give  
To the beloved disciple. How I loved  
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,  
Brother at once and son! He left my side,  
Fearing his innocent lips, a smile  
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile  
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw  
The corpse, the mangled corpse, and then I cried  
For vengeance! Rome, ye Romans! rouse ye, slaves!  
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next few hours,  
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look  
To see them live, torn from your arms, dishonored,  
Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,  
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,  
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne  
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!  
Why, in that older day, to be a Roman  
Was greater than a king—and once again—  
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear  
The Eternal city shall be free! her sons  
Shall walk with princes!

Or open rapine, or protected murder,  
Cries out against them. But this very day,  
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—  
Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore  
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,  
He tossed not high his ready eye in air.

Nor lifted up his voice in servile shame,  
At sight of that great ruffian! Be, we men,  
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